

Slick by [hati_skoll](#)

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Summary:

Steve gets wet for Billy.

(Less porn inside than implied.)

Slick

Steve Harrington is in the middle of Introductory Psychology when he feels a familiar wetness seeping past his legs – which sucks. Unfortunately, there isn't anything to do but wriggle in his seat and kind of pray for it to stop. But well, if there's a deity in charge of omega slick discharge at inappropriate timings, they clearly must be on vacation. This is the sixth time Steve's had an 'accident' since the start of the week, and it's only Wednesday for god's sake! He stewes in consternated silence as the professor drones on about the amygdala and hippocampus and god knows what, Steve doesn't quite care when his pants are about to be soaked through. Again.

The guy to Steve's right fidgets about a little uncomfortably, a tanned kid with ostentatiously ripped muscles. Alpha, Steve remembers, then winces apologetically. The one to his left has an abrupt coughing fit, and begins jiggling his leg and clicking his pen to an erratic rhythm that's really more of a worrying spasm. Steve knows his game is up. He's internally dying of embarrassment but he puts his alpha classmates out of their misery and discreetly – as much as it's possible, which is to say, completely indiscreetly – sidles out of his chair with the attached flippy table, spilling half of his stationary onto the floor and causing his professor to stop mid-sentence with a concerned, "Are you alright, Mr Harrington?"

"I'm fine," Steve says, voice strangled, "Just need the toilet."

His classmates are nice enough to help him gather his pens, as he yanks his emergency pack out of his bag and flees to the washroom. It's only the second week of this semester and he's already flashed his class thrice. Jesus! He kind of misses being King Steve of Hawkins High. Even though, Steve thinks mournfully, King Steve's a bit of an ass. But at least he didn't, well... *leak*.

He locks himself into a cubicle, and curses under his breath as he tears open a new packet of heavy-flow slick pad, pasting it along the middle seam of his back-up briefs. This is ridiculous. He'll be running out of clean briefs soon if he keeps this up. And trousers. Steve swears colourfully as he shucks away his unfortunately stained clothes, exchanging them for clean, fresh underwear and pants –

which will hopefully stay clean and fresh for the rest of the day. He still has another lecture and a tutorial to get through before he can head back to the apartment he's- well, his parents are renting.

The class is wrapping up when Steve makes his way back. Tanned-Guy-on-the-Right gives Steve a halfway friendly smile and a pretty decent summary of the lesson, even offering Steve a look at his notes. Steve jots down the important bits and exchanges number with... Zack, Tanned-Guy now has a name to match those impressive biceps.

"You can call if you need help catching up," Zack offers, "A close buddy of mine has some problems with um... slick control, too."

Steve is slightly self-conscious, but mostly relieved that Zack apparently knows someone who's suffering a similar predicament. It's not something he'd wish on his worst enemy. But... now that he knows he's not alone in his misery, it doesn't feel quite as unbearable.

He's brisk-walking across campus when the bane of all his problems makes itself known by swaggering into his line of sight. Cue one denim-and-leather-clad Billy Hargrove, AKA The One, note the capital letters, Steve's True Mate, because that's quite apparently *not* an urban legend. Fucking Christ. True Love is real! Walt Disney got it right! Steve lets out a dark chuckle. He just might make *that* his honours thesis – if he actually survives the next two years in college, anyway.

Steve's True Fucking Mate turns to face him and what goes through Steve's mind is most certainly *not*, "Oh, look at my incredibly handsome mate, whom I wish would sweep me off my feet right this instant" as most alpha-omega romance novels will have one believe. It's also not, "I am an indignant ball of righteous rage, how dare this entitled alpha even look at me, just because I'm an omega doesn't mean I'm some pretty bauble, etc. etc.," as most omega-rights pamphlets tend to go on. It's really just, "Please don't leak. Please don't leak. Please don't leak. Do *not* fucking leak."

And Billy, the accursed idiot, just grins in that completely devastating way of his, while being utterly ignorant of Steve's one-man war against his omega biology. The oddly graceful alpha casually lopes over the lawn, easily falling into step with Steve and drawling, "Hey,

Princess."

"No."

Billy is stumped for the barest of moments, but then he shrugs and lets it slide because he's rather used to Steve snapping at him – for completely justifiable reasons, mind you. "What's got you all hot and bothered today?"

"I'm not-" Steve stops, because he realises he *is*, and it's all Billy's fault, because this True Mate thing is hell on his stupid reproductive system. "You can smell it."

"Yeah," Billy says, "From a mile away."

And that's pretty mortifying. Can *everyone* smell him from a mile away?

Billy quickly adds, "It's only cause we're mates. My nose is sensitive to your slick."

Mortifying, definitely mortifying. "Can we not talk about my," Steve lowers his voice on the next word, "Slick," before carrying on at a normal volume, "in public? Actually, can we not talk about it at all?"

"I was just wondering if you need help," Billy says, straight-faced.

"You- That- Are you seriously asking for a..." lowered voice, "quickie," normal voice, "between classes? Because that's what I'm hearing."

Billy grins. "If that's what you need."

"No, that is *not* what I need," Steve huffs, "What I need is for my- my *slick glands* to not react every damned time you're within a mile's radius of me. I can't finish *one* class without being interrupted by the fucking waterfall that's going on between my legs."

"A waterfall," Billy repeats, lips twitching.

"Don't you dare laugh."

"Course not, Princess," Billy says solicitously, "Just thought you've a

fine way with words, that's all. Are you sure you're not going to major in literature?"

"No, because then I'd be sharing classes with you all the time, and my slick glands will be overworked by the time it's fall break."

"Real shame, that," Billy pulls a morose pout, breaking into a grin when Steve jabs him in the ribs unrelentingly, "All right, all right, I surrender. You've found my weakness. Spare me, oh dread princess of Hawkins."

"Call me princess one more time and I'll-"

Billy raises a challenging eyebrow.

"I'll- I'll dog-ear all your books!" Steve announces triumphantly, "And crease their spines."

"You're diabolical, pr- ah shit, I mean, pretty boy."

"I'm not sure if that's any better," Steve objects, frowning.

Billy shrugs in a way that says, 'You asked for it', before digging into his bag and pulling out his planner – in which Steve's heat cycles have been diligently marked out and colour coded. "You're due for a heat in two weeks. If you take your suppressants starting this Sunday, you should be able to hold it off for two extra days, so it'll fall on the weekend. That'll give us some time to ride out the worst of it. If all else fails, we'll only have to miss Monday's classes, and I'm sure we can get an excuse letter from the doctor's."

Steve watches as Billy notes down 'hormone fluctuations HIGH' on the day's entry and makes a face. "Why do I get the feeling you know my heats better than I do?"

"Because you're crap at this," Billy says, tapping his pen against the page, "I'm not saying it's your fault, don't look at me like that. Can't be helped, with your two beta parents."

"Yeah, sue me for being a genetic anomaly."

"Recessive assignments aren't statistically low enough to be

considered anomalous," Billy replies, frowning as if affronted by the inaccuracies Steve's spouting, like *he's* the cognitive science major with a math minor, "Anyway, if you've projects due that week, best to finish them in advance. And don't even think of scheduling a presentation on that Monday."

"I only did that once! And I got it re-scheduled, didn't I?" Steve protests, "My heat just sort of slipped my mind."

Billy gives an incredibly put upon sigh, but drops a chaste kiss on Steve's temple. "Don't let it 'just sort of slip your mind' this time. And pass me your clothes, so I can put them in the wash with the rest of our laundry."

Steve is about to hand the zipper bag over when someone calls, "Hargrove" from behind. A striking redhead with a penchant for leather that's at least as bad as Billy's marches up to them, looking like he's ready to roast some unsuspecting idiot over a fire and have them served with a side of caviar for dinner. A tangy waft of angry alpha floats over, and Steve scrunches his nose.

The man is, however, unfailingly polite when he reaches them, nodding at Steve before turning to Billy with a slightly terse, "Are you going for the litsoc meeting later this evening?"

"You didn't tell me you've a litsoc meeting," Steve frowns at Billy.

"That's because I'm not going," Billy says, answering both of them, "I've got to do a grocery run. Sorry, Gen. You did say it was optional."

"I did," the man – Gen? – scowls, "And so all my seniors are bailing like rats from a sinking ship, leaving me to corral the freshies on my own."

"I thought you'd like that," Billy smirks, "All those young, malleable minds at your mercy."

"You make a fair point. Well, I've got to run, lunch date and all. You two lovebirds be safe now. You'll be at the talk next week, Billy?" Billy nods as Gen brushes past them and breezes down another corridor, "And nice meeting you-"

"Steve!" Steve shouts after the guy, who waves jauntily before disappearing around the corner. "Gen seems nice. Doesn't seem like your sort of crowd, though."

Billy shrugs as he shoves Steve's zipper bag into his duffel, along with the pen and planner. He's looking at the ground and frowning, brows pulling down in a way that says he's thinking of something altogether unpleasant, which can only mean one of two things: his dad, or his mom; rather, his mom as he remembers in her final days. Steve knows enough of Billy's silences to figure out when to prod and when to wait, so he holds his tongue and lets Billy find his words on his own.

"You could skip class if you feel like it might be something serious," Billy eventually says, making a vague gesture in the general direction of Steve's abdomen, "Your slick glands. I'll drive you to the doctor's."

Oh. Steve remembers what Max told him about Billy's mom, what she's gleaned from the shouting matches Billy's had with his dad when they think she's asleep. They throw around words like, "Mom was sick for ages-" and, "Whose fault is it that she's dead-", and "If you'd been around, then we couldn't have kept it quiet even if-" Steve has managed to piece the story together, and he thinks Max has managed too.

He squeezes Billy's arm gently. "It's just hormones. That's what they told us when I went for the annual omega health exam, remember?"

"Right," Billy looks as if he wants to cart Steve to the doctor's anyway, "If you're sure."

"A hundred percent sure," Steve quips.

Billy gives Steve an uncertain smile that makes him seem less the brash, foolhardy troublemaker he likes pretending to be, and more the serious kid with severe daddy issues he tries keeping under wraps. "Beef stroganoff tonight, princess?"

"My hero," Steve replies, if only to get rid of that lurking darkness in Billy's eyes.

It works. Billy dimples nicely, before pecking Steve on the mouth.
"See you at eight."

And if Steve feels his slick soaking his underwear again, well, at least he's not the one doing their laundry.

Author's Note:

I wanted some healthy, functional harringrove in a healthy, functional ABO society. So this happened. Points to whoever can guess where the extra characters came from. [Tumblr](#).